




LILIES

FROM THE

LAND OF THOUGHT



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LILIES

FROM

THE VALE OF THOUGHT.

BY

CARRIE F. JUDD.

“Your voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.”

BUFFALO:
H. H. OTIS, 288 MAIN STREET.

1878.

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THE Poems in this little volume were composed after the fourteenth, and before the nineteenth, year of their author. They are offered as they are, with the dew of life's morning fresh upon them. They found their growth in the spring-time of a young, glad heart. Since then a long season—a year and more—of physical suffering has shaded with deeper, truer meaning those words and thoughts which seem to partake more of poetic fancy than of experience.

They are most lovingly dedicated to my Mother, who has ever endeavored to cultivate aright the soil wherefrom they sprung; to sow good seed, and, having sown, to watch with faith, trusting all to Him who "giveth the increase."

C. F. J.

BUFFALO, N. Y., *April, 1878.*

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INSPIRATION.

INSPIRED by sudden thought the poet sings,
And seeks to paint his fair ideal in words;
The sculptor dreams, and chisels into shape
The lifeless marble block, that 'neath his touch
Becomes a form divine, that only needs
God's living breath to make it glorified.
Then art conceives, and brings to noble birth
The offspring fair of inspiration's fire;
The canvas speaks in every nation's tongue,
And tells a wondrous story to the mind:
Then tuneful muses wake their dormant powers,
Beneath the mystic holy spark from God,
And breathe an ode, a plaintive melody,
To rest tired souls and lull to sweet repose.

Though poets sing in fitting words and fair,
The lofty thought can ne'er be brought to earth ;
It soars above the highest reach of men,
Eludes the panting soul who fain would grasp
And e'er retain the flashing fitful guest,
But leaves Mnemosyne a shadow faint
By which to trace the spirit as it flies.
The sculptor carves to realize his dream,
And moulds a goddess fair, a work supreme,
But hanging darkly o'er his spirit's sight
Is human sense, which grossly shuts from view,
As clouds obscure the sun, the holy light
Which only heaven could give to perfect it.
The offspring fair of art with beauty glows,
But ne'er can beauty reach conception's height :
A child of earth the first, the latter born
'Mid angels' thoughts in heaven. A purer gleam

Illumes the living germ, than e'er is caught
By fairest outgrowth borne by human sprout.
In vain may angels breathe to mortal men
Sweet Eden's strains, soft odes of Paradise,
The mind receives but ne'er imparts its truth;
The cord so fine can bind the soul alone.

O, Inspiration sweet, great gift of God!
Thou bearest subtle incense 'neath thy wing;
O, fling to me a breath of truth divine,
A fitting sacrifice to burn with faith,
On unpolluted altars of the mind.

H Y M N

OF THE BUFFALO NORMAL SCHOOL GRADUATES AT
THE PLANTING OF A CENTENNIAL TREE.

O UNION grand! what gifts can loving
souls,

Who count thy heart's exultant throbs with
pride,

Pour out to thee in this thy glory's height,

To gain thee greater wealth or power beside:
To win thee other loves, but none more true,
A flag more bright, but not of *deeper* hue?

We bring the loyal wills to do and dare,

Quick hands to raise the wounded when they
fall,

Some precious seeds to plant in human hearts,

A little store of God's unending all:

These, watered by our tears, enriched by prayers,
Shall grow by grace and recompense our cares.

Thy gen'rous loving soil, oh, Freedom's home!

A covenant shall bear for future years:

A mute, yet living tree shall be our pledge,

To root in thee, and tower toward brighter
spheres:

Now, in thy warm embrace, thy sacred dust,

Receive our seal of faith, preserve our trust.

And fitly, like thyself, it e'er shall be

A place of soothing rest for peaceful lives;

Its leafy nooks the birds shall wake with songs,

The while its cooling shade the heart revives;

In every tuneful wave of restless bough,

It speaks to us of work, and breathes our vow.

MAY 19, 1876.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

IN MEMORIAM.

O H! hail, with rejoicing and honor, the
light of that day,
Which bore us a sovereign hero the nation to
sway;
A strong, daring soul for our country, to wipe
out its stains;
The rights of his people were holy, he sundered
their chains.
Through tides of tumultuous discord he held
his command,
The throbs of that noble heart beating were
felt o'er the land.

* Written by request for the "Buffalo Lincoln Birthday Association," February 12, 1876.

He planted his foot on enslavement and ground
it to dust,

He wrested the power from oppressors, left fet-
ters to rust ;

Through surges of wild opposition he weathered
the storm,

And faced with unwavering courage his charge
to perform.

No chaplets of laurel were needed for crowning
his life,

Sublimely at last, as he lived it, he finished the
strife ;

A martyr, indeed, for his country, *earth's* honors
were vain ;

A crown of the glory immortal his permanent
gain.

Though lowly our loftiest homage that name
to enshrine,

It e'er in the hearts of his people in splendor
shall shine.

The souls of those destitute freedmen in loyalty
hold

A monument stronger than granite, more pre-
cious than gold;

'Twas reared on a life of endurance, the work-
man was Love;

The warden to guard and preserve it an angel
above:

The key to this glorious structure that dear
cherished name,

Inscribed with the blood of his death-wound in
letters of fame:

And storms cannot crumble this pillar or cause
it to rust,

No changes of time can obscure it, or print it
with dust ;

The blocks in this column of glory are cut from
the heart,

Cemented with grateful affection they never can
part.

Thus planted on solid foundation, the strength
of the years,

And hallowed by rare consecration with ago-
nized tears,

Though lost to the life of the listless, this cen-
otaph grand

Still looms in its majesty endless, a work of
God's hand.

Unbound from their fetters, those freedmen
shall strike for a goal;

That pride, which true liberty wakens, ennobles
the soul.

His mem'ry a help to advancement, a light to
their eyes,

That race to the height of true manhood shall
steadily rise;

And each lofty deed or attainment achieved by
their hand,

Shall seek for its first inspiration that name of
command.

VOX POPULI.

O GREAT and wondrous voice with awful
power,

What grave responsibility is thine!
More potent far, thou art, than cogent king
Or mighty despot reigning o'er his realm;
Not only dost thou rule a nation great
And cause prosperity or dire distress,
But even dost control the minds of men,
Who bow their heads in humble servitude,
Obey the fickle dictates of thy mood,
And fashion even intellect and thought
According to thy overruling power:
Then use in fear and reverential awe
Thy wondrous might; and, ruling, seek
To make thy voice forever that of God.

REQUIEM.

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE LINCOLN
MEMORIAL CASE, APRIL 10, 1876.

HARK to the symphony swelling the earth,
Angels of Heaven proclaiming its birth;
Breathing with love are the strains as they roll,
Freighted with grace of a sanctified soul.

Sweet unto sadness those purified tones,
Grief that is rapture, and joys that are moans;
Sighs for the life which has risen above,
Joy for the gift of that heaven-sent love.

Voices of Nature the triumphing lead,
Sounding in echoes the hymn of the freed;

New wake the chorus, ye birdlings of song;
Sing it, ye streamlets; the chorus prolong.

Tell it, ye zephyrs, in murmurings soft,
Whisper it gently, and bear it aloft;
Catch it ye branches that wave in the air,
Tune your wild harping to melody rare.

Drawing forth worship at Liberty's shrine,
Lifting men's hearts in a fervor divine;
May your glad tidings to earth never cease,
Marvelous anthem of freedom and peace!

DESOLATION.

THE birds have felt the sting of Winter's
breath,

And fluttered off beyond his deadly clutch :
Forsaken nests fit solitary boughs,
And suit the solemn sadness of the scene.
The wind no longer breathes a gentle tune,
Or whispers soothing music 'mong the trees ;
But pipes a sad and restless monotone,
And seems to mourn the falling of the leaves.
To hide their sad decay from mocking eyes
It wafts them to their grave, and chants a dirge ;
While leafless branches bow their heads in grief,
And settled gloom pervades the lonely place.
The sun sinks back behind the clouds, abashed,

Nor dares intrude upon the fun'ral scene,
While all the clouds assume their mourning
 robes,
And weave thick darkness for a shelt'ring pall.

A GHOST.

WITH gliding, noiseless tread
It cometh from the dead ;
And slips through bolted doors,
Through windows, walls or floors ;
In trailing garments white,
Which shed a mystic light ;
With hollow, bony face,
Arising out of space,
With ghastly sunken cast
As from a rigid fast ;
With smothered sighs and groans,
With sound of rattling bones,
Disjointed and unhitched ;
Its power of speech bewitched.

With ghostly hands upraised,
It stands like one amazed ;
Recoiling from the hold
Of one profanely bold,
Who seeks to touch the dead—
But clutches air instead.

It flaps its trailing shroud,
Before the mortal cowed,
Then gives a warning screech
In lieu of ghostly speech,
And flitting through the door,
Is visible no more.

A thing of air and thought,
By fickle nightmare wrought.

SONG OF THE ENGINE.

SEE the mighty iron-clad monster;
Hear his snort of wild defiance;
He who can may come and conquer,
Stands he ready for the challenge:
Clad in flashing coat of armor,
In his wondrous strength he glories,
While his shouts are loud, defiant,
“Let him come who dares oppose me!”

Comes the David to Goliath,
Comes, but not with David's prowess,
For the stripling soon is vanquished,
Grovels in the earth beneath him;
Loud the engine roars in triumph,

Tramples on his fallen victim,
Quickly calls for fresher laurels,
Pants and sighs for greater conquests.

Soon his tone is changed to terror,
From behind comes one to rule him;
All his vaunted speeches vanish,
Underneath his shield he quivers;
Loud he shrieks in fear and anguish,
From his nostrils pours the lightning,
Blinds himself with smoke and cinders,
But the hand behind ne'er trembles.

Frantic now he struggles madly,
Like the stag at bay he gaspeth,
Like a noble spirit wounded,
Seeks to make a dying effort;

But the rein is drawn the tighter,
And his frenzy soon is conquered,
All his strength avails him nothing,
'Gainst the power of thought and scheming.

Then he bends in meek subjection,
And his voice is low and humble;
All his boasting pride has vanished,
Lost he feels in shame and sorrow.
Stately in his chastened glory,
Quick he stills the mocking rabble,
Yields his might for nobler causes,
Speaks to man from purer motives.

NIGHT.

RESPLENDENT night unveils her starry
eyes,

And casts them, twinkling wondrously, on earth.

Her crescent crown adorns a forehead fair,

While down her graceful shoulders gleam and
dance,

In jets of sparkling, phosphorescent light,

The rippling tresses of her snowy hair.

Her taper fingers glitter bright with jewels,

While lustrous diamonds glisten on her breast,

And o'er her sombre dress a sheen is cast

From pearls that lend a fair adorning there.

Oh, light! so pure and holy, chastely bright,

I bend in admiration at thy shrine;

And, while I gaze, the veiling clouds are drawn
As if thy starry mould, divinely formed,
Were far too pure, and gloriously fair,
For earthly eyes to dare to contemplate.

THE CARRIER'S DREAM.

I HAD such a queer little dream in the night,
I thought I would tell it to you, sir,
'Tain't much to be told, though I couldn't but
think

It came very nigh to what's true, sir.

It seemed all so real, sir, that first when I woke,
I didn't once think I'd been dreaming,
I thought I was still in the fairy-land halls,
So brightly the moonlight was beaming.

I saw in my dream there were many queer
looms :

Each weaver was labelled, "A Poet :"

And what seemed the strangest of all to me, sir,
Though blindfold, there didn't one know it.

At last I could see what the stuff was they
wove;

O, New Year's addresses by yards, sir!
While New Years to come were arranged in a
row,

With fierce little fairies for guards, sir.

The rooms seemed to swarm with a host of
wee elves,

With droll-looking, puckered up faces,
Who grinned all the time in a terrible way,
And made up the oddest grimaces.

I saw some *old* weaving, all ragged and torn;
I wondered, sir, why they should save it.

But when the blind weavers would feel for
some woof,

Those sly little imps sprang and gave it.

And come to look closer then, *all* was old woof,

The new had been used long before, sir,

Yet each blinded weaver thought *his* was bran
new,

Not knowing 'twas used o'er and o'er, sir.

And often new weavers came in to the work,

As often the old ones would leave, sir.

Those comical imps rolled their eyes with
delight,

At every fresh chance to deceive, sir.

That's all of the dream; now, I guess you will
see

The moral; a plain enough one, sir.

'Tis this:—said at first by the wisest of Kings:—

“There's nothing new under the sun,” sir.

BUFFALO COURIER, *Jan. 1*, 1877.

New Year's Address

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

(FOR ERIE RAILWAY TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.)

To the tune of the Mystical Keys.

THROUGH the seldom-ceasing clicking of
the wires,
And the service of a might that never tires;
Underneath the wordy tide from soul to soul,
Through the surging names of converse as they
roll,
Sounds a voice, though low, lamenting, clear
and plain,
With a minor ring of sadness or of pain.
Ah! it tells me of a giant caged within,
Ever groaning for his freedom to begin;
Of a mighty, restless spirit chained to earth,
And his fetters used by men as moneyed worth:

But the fiery soul within him lives and burns,
And anon unshackled power to him returns.

Then the roaring, rumbling thunder's angry
tones

Mutter awful threats of vengeance 'twixt his
groans,

And the flashing flights of lightning, as they
glare,

Are the bursts of indignation and despair.

Men may laugh to fling defiance in his face,

And parade their petty prowess over space.

They may claim a power to conquer all is found,

But beyond an ordained limit they are bound ;

Over continent and ocean news may stride,

O'er the chains of fettered genii swiftly glide ;

Eager ears may catch and note it as it flies,

But the message undelivered worthless lies.

We, the giant's trusty servants, speed its way;
Care, and faithfulness, and honor our array;
Out in cold and wintry weather, driving sleet,
Or the dusty, drowsy summer, in the heat;
Whatsoe'er the giant's bidding in his calls,
We will do our duty bravely as it falls,—
And although we would with sorrow cause a
tear,
Yet we crave to be remembered *once a year*.

LINES FOR MISS E. L.'S ALBUM.

TRAV'LING thro' this "vale of tears:"
Thro' this valley dreary,
Though life's burdens seem too great,
For the shoulders weary;
If we will but go to Christ
Praying, supplicating,
He will give the strength we need,
Spirits elevating.

He will ease us of our load,
And our hearts He'll lighten;
All the path on which we tread,
Mercy sweet will brighten,
If we'll only trust His care;
On our Saviour feeding
In our hearts,—with love and faith
His commandments heeding.

We must labor ev'ry day
 In the spirit garden ;
 He will not our merits weigh,
 But offenses pardon ;
 We may often hold the lamp
 For a fellow-being,
 And the light we show to him
 Clears our own dim seeing.

He will help us bear the *cross*
 If we're only willing ;
 At the end He'll give the *crowon*,
 Grace our spirits filling :
 Unto everlasting life .
 Jesus doth preserve us,
 He will loosen Satan's toils
 And for God reserve us.

THE BURDEN OF A HEART.

A WOMAN'S tear? What signifieth that?
A *woman's* heart is easily moved to melt;
A swelling tale of woe might fill the cup,
And bring to view the tender passion felt.

A woman's sigh? What signifieth that?
A tender thought of others' fancied woe
Perchance gave utterance to that sob suppressed,
And caused the spark of pity there to glow.

A woman's trial? What signifieth that?
A slight, ideal, sentimental cross,
Which, clothed in sombre sack-cloth, seemeth
real
To those who ne'er have robbed it of its gloss.

A woman's ruin? What signifieth that?

If she should lose her way, and, stumbling,
fall,

It is not mine to near the slums of sin,

That I may hear her saddened, sorrowing call.

O, world-wise judge! *thou* canst not read the
heart;

That tear was only one of hosts unshed;

'Twas not compassion caused the glitt'ring drop,

But one of heart's mistaken hopes is dead.

O, world-wise judge! that weary, hopeless sigh

Was gathered from the depths of waking trust,

That only wakes to find deception's wiles,

To see its ideal crushed, by truth, to dust.

O, mocking judge! what knowest thou of trial?

Hast helped as much as she to bear the cross?

Or only lingered by to spy the mote,

And thought thy beam was gain instead of
loss.

O, Levite! thou dost take the other side,

And scorn the good Samaritan's noble deed;

Take care, in thus denying Jesus' name,

Thou dost not feel, of Him thou hast no need.

A PRAYER OF PRAYERS.

NOT knowing aught of penitence, or peaceful love,

To bow me willingly with lowly knee and heart ;

To let my spirit pour in restful sweet content

The tribute of a thankful soul in joyful words,

But feeling all of wretchedness, and wild remorse,

With hot rebellion's surging torrent white with
foam,

And lashing into wreck the good that strives
to live

Upon that seething sea of human misery ;

Not wishing to be reconciled and drawn to
peace,

Nor yet to have my trembling, storm-torn
spirit healed;

Too proud to hold an outstretched hand for
that relief,

Which never is withholden long from those
who seek;

Too bitter in avenging wrath to plead for grace;

Too helpless in my deep despair to catch the
cords

Of hope, which hang unused and gray with
dust of years;

And yet, beneath this maddening tumult's toss-
ing waves,

There flows an under-current of my spirit's tears.

From this no voices rise, but vapors purified

And drawn by holy heat of omnipresent love,

These, pleadful in their silent eloquence, ascend

And throneward seem to fling their supplicating
voice;—

“O give a heart to pray; desire to be forgiven;
That, in the soulful wish, the purest germ of
prayer

May mount on angel wings to bring a blessing
back.”

When souls would burn to death with scorch-
ing sin on earth,

All racked with fiendish fires, that hell itself
supplies,

This stream of living water cools the phantom
flame,

And brings instead the purging fire of grace
divine.

Birds.

COUNTING THE ROSE-BUDS.

SEE the sweet mother-rose
Cradling her babies,
Hear the soft summer winds
Rocking the roses,
Feel the light patter rains
Washing their faces,
Watch the bright cheery sun
Deep'ning their blushes.

How many rosy-buds,
Sweet little mother?
How many beauty-blows,
Ripe for expanding?
"Love cannot count them true,"

Whisper the zephyrs;
"More than the thorns we are,"
Answer the babies.

"Soon shall our beauties glow,"
Murmur the roses,
"Grow for my tresses fair,"
Answers the maiden:
Never the budlets guessed
Word of a blemish,
All their sweet happy life
Hitherto joyous.

Long do the petals sweet
Wait their unfolding;
Vainly the maiden fair
Waits her adorning;

Gnaws the worm painfully
Into their bosom,
Poor little blighted buds,
Fated to wither!

Is your life *wholly* lost
Since you die early?
Shall the sweet mother-rose
Only count sorrow?
No; for the zephyrs tell
Lessons imparted,
And she smiles gladsomely
Unto the heavens.

PENITENCE.

R OSE-BUD lips are pouting,
Blue eyes filled with tears;
From the tiny pocket
 'Kerchief small appears.

Not a smile or dimple,
 Lurks on Baby's face;
With a brow so scowling,
 They can find no place.

Baby Lu's been naughty,
 Mamma looks distressed;
Baby must be punished,
 Till her fault's confessed.

Tears still trickle downwards,
From the eyes so blue;
Mamma's task is hardest,
O, sweet Baby Lu!

Soon the little maiden,
Slyly lifts her eyes;
Glances up at mamma,
In a mute surprise.

For, two shining tear-drops,
Quickly Baby spies;
Glistening like diamonds,
In the mother's eyes.

Ev'rything forgotten,
But her mamma's grief;
Quick the precious baby
Springs to her relief.

“P’ease don’t cry!” she whispers,
 “Take my handkersiff;
Lulu won’t be naughty,
 Not anozer jiff.”

Mamma clasps the darling
 Closely to her breast;
Of the tumult raging
 Baby little guessed.

“I’s been naughty, mamma!
 Naughty as I tood;
So I’ll go in torner,
 Stand dere till I’s dood.”

Quick then to the corner,
 Runs sweet Baby Lu;
With her dainty ’kerchief,
 Hides the eyes of blue.

Mamma's heart is lightened,
To her work she turns;
From her Baby Lulu,
Many things she learns.

When, all fresh and beaming,
Lulu's face appears;
Save upon the 'kerchief,
There's no trace of tears.

Baby showers her kisses,
Sure that she's forgiven;
Truly is God's Kingdom,
Made of such in heaven.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

MERRY, ruddy children
Waiting school to call;
Playing round the door-step,
Ling'ring in the hall.

Little bare feet tramping
To each strait-backed seat;
When the school-bell's ringing
Calls to knowledge sweet.

Little brown hands folded,
Little heads bent low;
Childish voices murm'ring
Words that all well know.

Softly sounds "Our Father"

Through the little school,
Then in one sweet chorus
Songs rise clear and full.

Little dog-eared primers
Grasped by fingers small,
Tiny voices lisping
At the teacher's call.

Little mischiefs peeping
Out from laughing eyes;
Little pranks performing
Innocently wise.

Little ears pulled soundly,—
Little ears grow red;
Bad boys in the corner,
Dunce-cap on each head!

Little dull eyes brighten ;
 Noon has come at last !
Little basket-lunches
 Disappearing fast.

O, how short seems recess
 To the children all !
Little lips are pouting,
 At the teacher's call.

Lessons all recited,
 Books all put away,
Little arms unfolded,—
 School's out for the day.

Everything is silent,
 All the children gone,
And the weary teacher
 Can *life's* lessons con.

From her inmost feelings,
Prayers to God ascend;
“Keep, oh! keep Thy children,
Safe unto the End!”

PLAYING DOLLIES.

TWO METHODS OF JUVENILE DISCIPLINE.

Ruth—

I 'VE got so many children
I don't know what to do!

I think that I resemble

The woman in the shoe.

Ev'ry one is made of paper,

But then, they do act so:

For all they are so naughty

I try to let it go.

Maude—

Let me *advise* you Ruthie;

Your treatment is not best;

No children without scolding

Will grow up good or blest;

And, as the ancient proverb,
Most truthfully declares,
"Spare the rod, and spoil the child,"
Your treatment witness bears.

Ruth—

I do not like to scold them,
I'm sure 'twould make them cry;
And *then* I'd feel so sorry
If one of them should die.
My little doggie Carlo,
Tore one the other day;
I put it in a coffin,
And buried it away.

Maude—

Their souls don't go to Heaven,
I wouldn't feel so bad;
Indeed! instead of sorry,
I think I'm rather glad;

For I can make me new ones,
As often as they die ;
I don't stop to bury them,
All 'round the floor they lie.

Ruth—

I'm glad you ain't my mamma,
You treat your children so ;
I *know* that up to Heaven
The dollies cannot go,
But perhaps if we are good,
When we *ourselves* go there,
We'll have some little angels,
For which to pray and care.

APRIL-FOOLS' DAY.

GRANDMA, settled cozy,
In her easy chair,
Ready is for napping—
Loses all her care.

Just as she is dropping
Off to slumber sweet,
In come merry children,-
Mirthfulness replete.

In their hands tin trumpets,
Fools' caps on their heads;
Grandma when not sleeping,
E'er their presence dreads.

Frank, the soldier-leader,
Just about to drum,
Gives a smothered whistle,
Then looks rather glum.

“Let’s clear out!” he whispers,
“Grandma’s sound asleep;
’Twouldn’t do to rouse her
From her slumber deep.”

So with rueful faces,
Turn they to obey,
Marching like trained soldiers
In a fine array.

“Oh, *I* know!” says Freddy,
“Let me tell you quick;
Grandma’s sleeping soundly,
Let us play a trick.

“ Dress her like a soldier,
That will be fun, rare !
Do it very softly
My ! won't Grandma stare ! ”

Back then to the nurs'ry,
All the children creep ;
Softly up to Grandma,
Who is still asleep.

Frankie takes the knitting
Gently from her hand ;
In his black eyes mischief,
Lays it on the stand ;

Substitutes the drum-sticks
For the work withdrawn ;
Then adjusts the fools' cap
O'er the one of lawn.

When the work 's completed
Grandma 's all arrayed
Like the soldier-leader
Of the small brigade.

At her queer appearance,
Little laughs go round ;
Grandma sleeping lightly,
Wakens at the sound.

With a headlong scamper
All rush out the door,
Hearing in their exit
Grandma's 'wakening snore

'Round then to the window
Looking from the hall,
In the greatest hurry,
Run the children all.

Consciousness returning,
Grandma opes her eyes—
Gives a look of wonder,
Then attempts to rise.

With no small amazement,
At her changed array,
Slowly to the mirror
Grandma picks her way.

At her new adornments
Grandma laughs aloud,
From the hall 'tis echoed
By the juvenile crowd.

“ Give three cheers for Grandma
Then we're off to school—
Give them loud and hearty,
Grandma's 'April-fool'!”

“Ah! my dears, I've caught you!”

Quickly Grandma cries,
But the rogues have vanished,
And not one she spies.

Grandma sitting, thinking,
Ponders o'er *life's* school;—
Though the little *children*
Made of *her* a “fool,”

Never can a member
Of the good “*old* school,”
Make a “*new* school” pupil
See himself a fool.

THE FLORAL KINGDOM.

REIGNING o'er the flow'ry world
Snowy petals all unfurled,
Stands the regal Lily tall,
Gracious sov'reign over all;
Bending low the stately head,
Nodding to each garden bed,
Comforting the "bleeding heart,"
Ever quick to take its part.

Standing near his Lily-Queen
Bowling with a courtly mein,
See the Tiger Lily-King
Backward in the breezes swing;
Covered with a golden shield,
Greatest victor on the field,
Winner of the Lily fair;—
King and Queen the royal pair.

Shaded in a mossy dell
All the royal children dwell;
Little "Lilies of the Vale,"
Growing delicate and pale;
Each in robe of glist'ning sheen,
Guarded by a leaf of green,
Standing always at its side
E'er to shelter, help and guide.

Pansies gay and full of sport
Are the ladies of the Court;
Dressed in purple, black and gold
Flirting with the Tulips bold;—
Courtiers dressed in gold and red
Bowing each his jaunty head,
To the lady of his heart
Sending Cupid's piercing dart.

Roses gay in silks arrayed
Duchesses and Dukes are made,
Some attired in deepest hue
Decked with diamonds of dew,
Others dressed in robes of white
Blushing pink, or scarlet bright,
Wait in state on King and Queen,
Fairest in the Court I ween.

Fair, though not of royal birth,
Grow the *gentry* flowers of earth;
Mignonette in sober brown,
Candy-tuft in 'broidered gown,
Daisies in the garden beds,
Tossing saucy little heads,
Gentle Violets in blue,
Sparkling in the drops of dew.

Fumbling o'er their beads to tell,
Hooded Monks sequestered dwell;
Bowing low their heads in prayer,
Knowing naught of worldly care,
Chanting low their solemn dirge,
Paying gold their sins to purge,
Fasting in their narrow cells,
Till the fainting soul rebels.

Growing common and despised,
Only by the children prized,
Doing each his portioned toil,
Whatsoever place or soil,
Dandelions from the sod
Lift their faces up to God,
Faces full of sunny light,
Ever cheerful fresh and bright.

WINTER'S DEATH AND SPRING'S CORONATION.

WINTER lingered, moaning, sighing,
All rejoiced that he was dying;
That his reign was nearly over—
That the Wind, that boist'rous rover,
Full of frolic, and of fury,
Would be tried by court and jury,
And the servants of the weather,
Air, and sun, and sky together,
Would subdue the lawless rover
As he roamed the wide world over,
But the Wind burst out in laughter,
And the Ice-King traveled after,
With his loom and shuttle weaving
Spotless robes for Winter's leaving,

And the shroud lay, pure as ermine,
Till the Death-King should determine.
When to still the faint heart throbbing,
And the *old man* waited sobbing,
For he *could not* die so lonely,
With the Wind, and Ice-King only,
And he yearned for Spring his daughter,
But in vain the Ice-King sought her
When she came, his life was fleeting,
And, tho' sorrowful the meeting,
Poor old Winter ceased his groaning,
And the wild Wind stopped his moaning;
While the King, no more repining,
On his daughter's breast reclining,
Throne and Kingdom to her tendered
And to Death his spirit rendered.
Then the heart of Spring was mournful,
And she heeded not the scornful,

As they, sneering, mocked her grieving,
While she mourned for Winter's leaving.
With her tears the vales were watered;
All the ice-embankments tottered,
And the zephyrs played and fluttered,
While the Ice-King vengeance muttered.
Then the Wind, confused, retreated:
All acknowledged him defeated,
And the zephyrs left him lonely,
While the Ice-King proved true, only.
So he hied him to the mountains,
But King Sol unlocked the fountains,
All the fettered springs of water;
And the Ice-King could but totter,
As he saw his vast dominions
Float away as if on pinions.
Then Spring's subjects, true and loyal
Clamored for the crowning royal,

And they decked her in her brightest
Robes of blue, and mist the whitest,
And a scepter strong she wielded,
But 'twas love, not power that shielded.
With a crown of purple violets
Shining bright with golden eyelets,
Gentle Spring was crowned in splendor,
All the glory Sol could render.
Merry birds burst out in singing,
Far and wide their chorus flinging,
And the trees waved forth for banners,
Quite forgetting stately manners,
And the zephyrs light and airy,
Floated strains of music fairy.

A highly decorative initial letter 'B' in a blackletter or gothic style. The letter is filled with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns. It has a vertical stem on the left and a horizontal base at the bottom. The top and right sides of the letter are also adorned with delicate, symmetrical flourishes.

BLOSSOMS.

FETTERED.

I CLIP thy wings, my bird,
In kindly love ;

Like as our God above

Restraineth us,

When *we* would soar too high,

And sinking downward die.

Thou art too weak, my bird,

Thy strength to try ;

Wounded thou canst not fly,

So rest content ;—

God holds us down to earth,

To give new pinions birth.

Thou must not flutter so,
But wait in peace;
When all thy struggles cease
Thy wounds will heal;
I'll care for thee my bird,
Undoubting trust my word.

So when our God above,
In mercy sweet,
Restrains our erring feet,
We murmur sore;
Nor see his wisdom great,
While mourning o'er our fate.

If thou wilt still rebel
O, panting heart!
And seeketh still to part

From this kind love,
I'll give thee up to go
To death, and keenest woe.

But if content, my bird,
Awhile to rest
On this true loving breast,
Till thou art healed;
Then shalt thou soar to heaven,
Thy freedom gladly given.

THE HOLY CALM.

WITH softly quivering breath the final
tone

From out the old church organ dies away ;
The last "amen" remains in echoes faint
Within the sacred walls, and, in its import deep,
Still lingers in the hearts of those who wait,
With bended knee, and humbled, reverent head,
To break the holy spell which binds them there.
One short still space of sanctifying awe,
In which the soul seeks yearningly its God,
And seems to feel sweet drops of grace divine
Fall on the heart with soothing, healing power,
As in the benediction words of peace
And tender, loving mercy reached the ear.

It rests the soul so prostrate in its need,
And gives it inner life to rise again. .
It heals the spirit's wounds, and gently draws
The thorns from out the harrassed Christian's
mind;
Rebellion turns to sweet submissive trust,
And worldly aims sink downward, all subdued.

THE SUMACH TREE.

O GRACEFUL sumach tree, with bended
bough!

Which hast such power to tune my spirit's
lyre,

Thy wondrous symmetry is very art,
And yet of Nature's mould thy form entire.

Thy downcast, drooping leaves of faultless cut,
In waving make the stilly air abound
In mournful, murm'ring cadences of song,
That in my answ'ring heart I hear resound.

With quiv'ring barbs thy scarlet feathers seek
To make superbly rich thy simple dress,
To heighten all thy native loveliness,
Nor yet to make thy purity the less.

With spreading shade thy arching branches bend
And make a cool retreat, for fairies fit,
While through the fringing shafts of shelt'ring
leaves

The sunny rays like angels' shadows flit

And can it be thou hast no answ'ring soul,
On which to soar with me to heights sublime?
No other part of that external grace
To spread itself o'er boundless tracks of time?

From every pointed twig and supple leaf,
A living murmur sadly answers "No;"
I'll wake for you a soul within my own
To fly with me wherever I may go.

MORNING.

O'ER the purple ridge of highland,
Through the arching misty gray,
Breaks a crimson flood of glory,
Brilliant dawning of the day.

All the land is bathed in beauty,
Charming blushes Nature wears;
Ev'ry tiny loch and fountain
Helps reflect the bloom she shares.

Softly bright the holy splendor
Lights the mountain and the vale,
Gleams in twinkles through the fir trees,
Like a thousand tapers pale.

Not so red the wild-sprung roses
 Flow'ring on the craggy steep,
As the loving light of morning
 When the sun-sent glories sweep.

Sombre shades, like smoky columns,
 Half obscure the tender hue;
But the bar of fretted cloud-work
 Lets the streaking splendor through.

Sight divine and rich in grandeur!
 Ere thy glowing colors pale,
In this one brief space of rapture,
 Faith could almost rend the veil.

TO MISS M. E. E.

LIVE *in* thyself, apart from those of
baser minds;

In contemplation feed on what thy spirit finds;

Its dwelling consecrate a temple for thy soul;

In prospect fair behold the brightest, loftiest
goal;

In truth thy conscience keep, to view thyself
aright;

Be humble in thy glory, lowly in thy might.

Yet live not *to* thyself, but to Another's praise;

Live, work for Him, the idlest of your life's
few days;

And yet, I would not have thee change from
what thou art—

Nor give, nor take from thee one single blessed
part;

Of earth, but wearing graces of another sphere,
In vain thy heart's fond hope to find them
mated here.

But in thy search for that which inly thou dost
know

But cannot tell; which, budding, ne'er but *buds*
will show,

Thou e'er wilt find, my May, that graces
earthly born

Will quickly fade like sparkling dew in early
morn.

TO MRS. P. C.

WHAT poem, that *I* can write,
Can equal that of which
Thou art the centred life?
Each day another verse,
Each hour another line,
Is formed unconsciously.
No critic e'er can find,
That scans however true,
A metre incomplete,
Or cadence lacking song.
A poem that has no name,
For, looking far from self,
Thou never hast discerned
Thy spirit's melody;

Or rather, with its tune,
Thy heart is over-full,
And cannot analyze
The secret of its power.
Its soothing harmony
Enchants all troubled minds
And bringeth sweet relief
To ev'ry aching heart.
Then ask me not to write
A poem for thee, my friend,
When all thy lovely life
Is song, though unexpressed.

CLOUDS.

SEE the clouds! so fleecy, fairy;
Floating onward, bright and airy;
Into wondrous forms e'er shifting,
Floating, sailing, playing, drifting;
By a gentle motion driven,
By a flutt'ring zephyr riven;
With the blue of heaven blended,
'Twixt the earth and sky suspended.

See the clouds turn dull and leaden!
See the glowing colors deaden!
All the brightness now is fleeting,
And the blue-gray clouds are meeting,
'Till they form a curtain sombre,
And all nature seems to slumber;
While the winds morosely mutter
And the leaves and branches flutter.

See the clouds piled black and massive!
Hear the wind, no longer passive,
Whistling, moaning, shrieking, roaring;
And the water torrents pouring,
As the rain comes dashing, splashing,
And the thunder-peals are crashing;
While the elements are clashing,
And the lurid lightning flashing.

See the sky with crimson flooded!
With its gold and silver studded!
All the angry clouds are rifted,
Far asunder they have drifted;
And the sun in state descending,
O'er the land his glory sending,
Sinks below the hill-tops slowly,
Giving thoughts sublime and holy.

UNSATISFIED.

O SOMETIMES I wish I had never been
taught

Of the fountains and rivers of Knowledge,
Or tasted the water with sacrifice bought,
So effulgent in bright leaping bubbles ;
For the cooling delight of the dangerous sips,
Only quaffed like the drops of an ocean,
But thirsty, and thirstier makes my parched
lips,
While my longing grows daily intenser.

O, sometimes I wish I had never essayed
To indulge in the dreams of Love's potion,
So quickly and surely the visions all fade
When created by each subtle nectar ;

And wild Fancy pictures each revel more sweet,
But to find it so soon a delusion,
While only is left the white passionate heat
Of a strong soul burnt white in a furnace.

And while I sit murmuring o'er the decree
Which has suffered my soul to be blighted,
An angelic chorus comes ringing to me,
All enraptured I list for the answer:
"Why mourn ye, O, mortal! because of thy
thirst?

Go and taste of Life's waters of crystal,
Once taken, the draught need be never re-
hearsed,
A perpetual fountain internal.

Then learn ye the lessons that God's works
impart,
For the earth with each rain-drop rejoiceth,

Nor vieweth the future with tremulous heart,
Or with fear of the time when it parcheth:
For knoweth she well of the dew of the morn,
That which daily sustaineth her burden,
And though the hot mid-day might make her
forlorn,
Still she liveth in hope of her blessings.

“She blames not the noon-heat that warpeth
her life,
For she knoweth the vapor ascended,
Will sometime distill into showers that are rife
With the choicest of blessings from heaven;
And so doth the pity of God take your pray’rs
With your tearful uplookings for mercy,
And, sweetly distilling them, moisten hard cares
With the once needed shower of His graces.”

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

L ONELY in the forest, 'neath the rust'ling
 pines,

Note the whispered worship when the day
 declines ;

Hark! the muttered vespers! see the branches
 bow,

Hear the low confession, mark the earnest vow ;

While anon the songsters form a tuneful choir,

And the sun descending yields the sacred fire :

Whispers from the brooklet join the chanted lay,

Sweetest thanks and praises close the peaceful
 day ;

While a passing zephyr, flitting near the sod,

Takes the offered incense, bears it up to God ;

And a solemn quiet gently seems to steal
O'er my troubled spirit, as I wond'ring feel
Thrills of new-born rapture and of holy fear,
While the soft'ning influence draws the contrite
tear.

AUTUMNAL MEMORIES.

MY thoughts are strangely roving
Through the past ;

They flit in restless eddies

Whirling fast,

While dying leaves are rushing

At my feet,

To meet the surging mem'ries

Passing sweet.

I breathe the spicy odor

Of a day,

When fragrant, cool, October

Breezes play :

I see in glowing vision

Gorgeous trees,

That flaunt their crimson glory
In the breeze.

The wind, a ringing laughter
Bears to me ;
I see a group of children
'Neath the tree ;
I hush my heart to listen,
With a pain,
To catch the bitter pleasure
I may gain.

I watch the airy footsteps
One by one,
Trip light, fantastic circles
In their fun,
And hear the quick vibration,
Strangely sweet,

The snapping, crispy crackle
'Neath their feet.

Then withered leaves are gathered
In a heap.

I see a bon-fire's blazes

Quickly leap ;

The children's chilly fingers

Seek the glow,

While 'round the smoke-wreaths curling

Zephyrs blow.

I see a roguish urchin

Stir the mass,

The timid ones to frighten

As they pass;—

I view the dying embers

Slowly pale ;

Not all the kindly zephyrs
Now avail.

I turn me to the outlook
Of to-day;
Those children of my vision,
Where are they?
Some gone beyond the fading
Of the leaves;
While others wait the binding
Of their sheaves.

THE LESSON OF THE SNOW.

THE savage Frost-king drew his flashing
sword

Of keen-edged ice, all diamond-bright with
jewels,

And fiercely thrust its length in Nature's heart ;

That throbbing heart so full of happy life,

So wondrous in pulsations glad and strong.

Then e'en the severed chords as if to cry

To Heaven for ample vengeance, struggled long,

And turned their scarred, torn edges to the sky.

All Nature's children bowed in calm despair,

And fell in helpless sorrow 'gainst the blade

Which took her life. With reverent touch
the earth

Drew soft within her breast the sacred corpse,

And sought to give to it her own life-warmth;
Revive it with her tears. But all in vain!
The face of earth grew dark as starless night,
And Desolation took his stern abode
Above the hallowed dust. God looked below,
And saw in pity all the work of ruin:
He stopped the sportive snowflakes in their
 play,
And sent them on an errand of His love,
To weave the poor old earth a mantle new,
And cause men's hearts to gladden once again
At her fresh charms. The cloud-gates softly
 swung
Ajar, and down the white-winged angels flew
To do their work of love. But when the world,
So dark and dreary, loomed upon their sight,
They shuddered to approach, and closer drew

Their dainty plumings 'round their tiny forms
Lest they should soil them with the dust of
earth.

They strove with all their strength to wing their
flight

Back to their cloud-land home, but hosts on
hosts

Of flakelets, still descending, bore them down;

They called the flying zephyrs to their aid,

And, finally, the rough old wind came by,

In blustering tune and sought with kindly zeal

To bear them up. They feared his boist'rous
breath

Would tear their slender wings, and bade him
go.

So, one by one, they ceased their struggling
flight,

And wearily accepted each its fate.

The earth once more rejoiced, and human hearts
Sang wondrous bits of song within themselves,
Then was the snow content, and though its
sheen

So soon grew dingy with the tramp of feet,
It knew that it had brought a note of joy,
Which, though men knew it not, was God's own
Word;

Its sweet fulfillment.—Off the sun's face then
The gathered mists rolled upward to reveal
Love's ending of the lesson, deeply sweet;
For by its powerful rays once more to Heaven
Was drawn the snow, not bearing on its wings
The filth and dust of earth, but angel-pure,
Updrawn in God's good time, in God's own
way.

MY OLIVE BRANCH.

MY heart's an ark,
That rides Life's stormy sea;
One little lonely bark,
Sailing the waters dark,
Wond'ringly.

Hungry for rest,
It longs at peace to be;
Weary of fruitless quest,
Crying in fear suppressed,
Yearningly.

O'er the waves cold
Ambition flieth free;
Flies as the raven bold
Flew from the ark of old,
Daringly.

Flying above,
He never returns to me;
Then soareth faithful love,
Hast'neth my snow-winged dove,
Trustfully.

No rest in sight,
So homeward turneth she;
Staying her hopeless flight,
Biding the dawn of light,
Patiently.

The wild winds cease,
Again she skims the sea;
Bringeth the branch of peace,
Telling of sweet release,
Cheerfully.

And now she's flown
For aye away from me ;
My love has found its own,
Resting at Jesus' throne,
Blessedly.

The ark will stop,
The wearied heart be free ;
Seeing the last storm-drop,
'Twill touch the mountain-top
Joyfully.

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